

Connie Smith, Where Could I Go But To The Lord

(Where could I go but to the Lord)

Living below in this old sinful world hardly a comfort can afford

Striving alone to face temptation sore where could I go but to the Lord

Where could I go oh where could I go seeking a refuge for my soul

Needing a friend to save me in the end where could I go but to the Lord

[organ]

Life here is grand with friends I love so dear comfort I get from God's own word

Yet when I face the chilling hand of death where could I go but to the Lord

Where could I go where could I go...